

WAR PRIZE CONTEST—(INQUIRE WITHIN)

Life



APRIL 10, 1924

PRICE 15 CENTS



Have you ever tried it this way?

YOU know, of course, that Listerine has dozens of uses as a safe antiseptic. But do you know of its unusual properties as a safe, non-irritating deodorant?

Whenever you don't have time for a tub or shower, or when these are not accessible, simply try dousing on Listerine. See how cool, refreshed and clean it leaves you feeling.

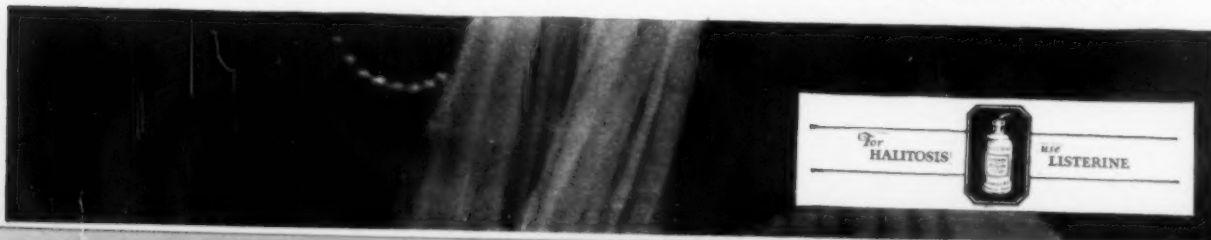
And best of all, Listerine used this way as a deodorant cannot irritate or injure the most delicate skin. Rather, it is soothing, healing, evapo-

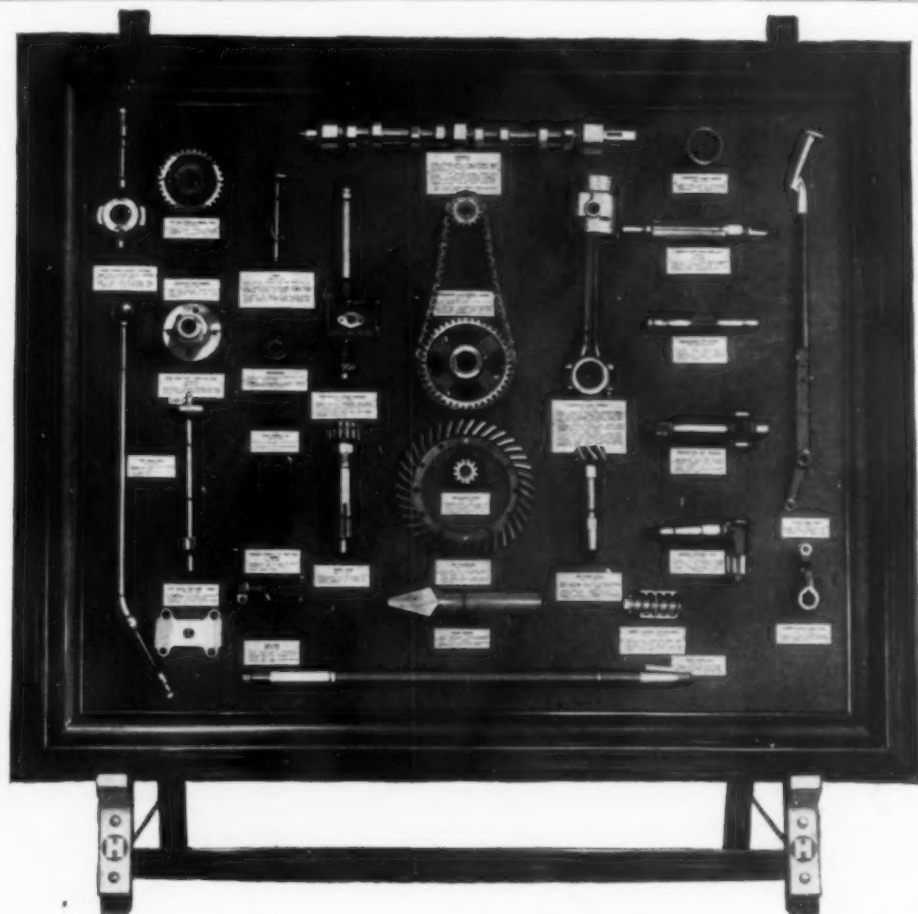
rates quickly, and cannot stain garments. It is the ideal deodorant.

Try Listerine this way some afternoon when you feel hot and sticky after a game of tennis; or some day when you have just finished a hot afternoon's shopping; or when you are on a motor trip and it's miles between tubs; or when you are traveling and you miss the old shower 'way back home.

You will be delighted with the refreshing, exhilarating effect and you will pass this suggestion along to your friends.

—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.





Quality—and Its Proof

To Show Exactly How Finely the Hupmobile is Manufactured

The inside of a motor car is what determines the worth of your investment. Because that is so, the Hupmobile presents in advance, and in a new way, quality-proof to the buyer.

Quality-proof pertains to Hupmobile parts. It is made up of parts you can't see in the car. It is on display in the salesrooms of practically all Hupmobile dealers.

Finer Parts Cannot be Made

It establishes, in the surest, most positive way in the world, that Hupmobile quality—therefore Hupmobile value—is unique and superior.

It shows you clearly that parts cannot be more finely made. It shows you these things, even though you may not be an expert in motor car manufacture.

These parts—which look no different from parts of lesser quality, but

actually *are* vastly different—are the heart and soul of all the good you hear about the Hupmobile.

In them is bound up the long life of the car—all its virtues of low costs and few replacements, of superior performance and high running economy.

You may never see them throughout the years that you would own a Hupmobile. For the fact is that in hundreds of cases it has never been necessary to replace a vital part.

That, it seems to us, constitutes the highest kind of superiority.

We could use materials of lesser quality; we could manufacture them into parts at lower cost, if we chose.

But if we should do that, the Hupmobile would sink to the dead level of motor cars.

It would lose many of the elements which now enable it to give such widespread and complete owner-

satisfaction. So it would not profit the buyer.

Now Easy to Decide the Motor Car Question

The motor car question, as we see it, comes down to this.

The buyer can pay the Hupmobile price, safe in the assurance that a higher price cannot bring him anything higher in honest value.

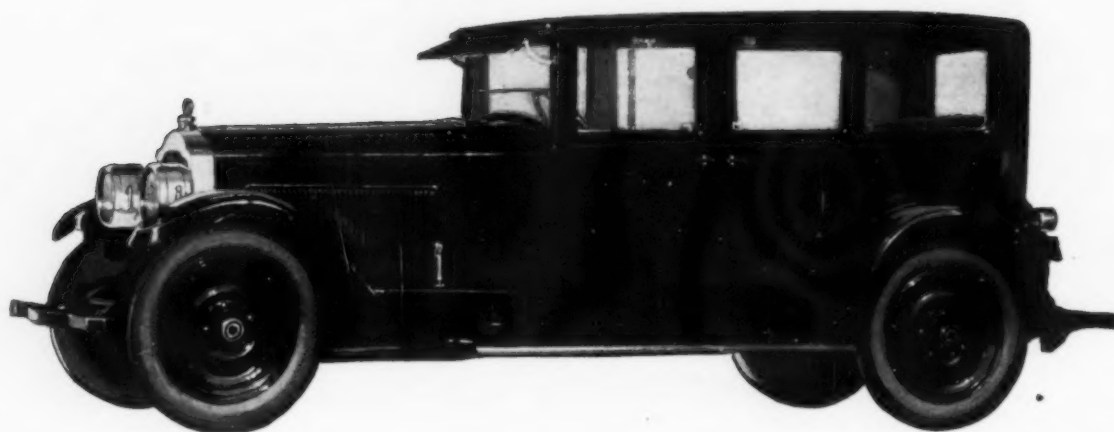
Or, he can pay less than the Hupmobile price, and content himself with less than Hupmobile quality and less than Hupmobile satisfaction.

In any impartial comparison—of value based on sheer quality, of performance, and of owner-history—it seems to us that the choice of the Hupmobile would be inevitable.

It will cost you nothing but the time you put in, to go to our dealer and see Hupmobile quality; and it is almost certain to save you money on the next car you buy.

1899 - 1924

Only Packard can build a Packard



Some Packard Facts Which are Known Wherever Fine Cars are Appreciated

Materials 100%

Nothing can be better or finer than in the Packard. We submit Packard materials to comparison with any motor car on earth. Packard has only one standard—the best that money can buy and experience can select.

Workmanship 100%

For 24 years Packard has had but one policy—to build as finely as human skill and the best machinery can build. It is recognized by engineers, manufacturers and laymen alike that Packard leads in fine manufacturing.

Design 100%

For years, Packard has set the pace in motor car development. The beauty and distinctiveness of Packard are traditional. There is, in Packard, an inherent exclusiveness that no duplication of mere dimensions can ever equal.

Four-wheel service brakes; 2 additional rear wheel brakes—a total of six—on all Packard cars

Packard Eight

Pictured above is the Packard Eight Sedan Limousine. Packard Eight furnished in nine body types, open and enclosed.

Packard Six

Packard Six furnished in eleven popular body types, open and enclosed.

A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E

APR - 8 '24

Life

GROVER CLEVELAND BERGDOLL is said to be considering returning to the United States. This sounds like the most practicable peace plan that has been suggested so far.

Arrangements for Mr. Bergdoll's return are being held up by the oil scandal. It's an ill wind, etc.

Motto for the warring Modernists: "Ain't we got fundamentalism!"

The many investigations inaugurated by the Senate mean merely that election time is at hand.

The circulation of the Bible in the United States last year reached two million copies. However, it is not yet considered a dangerous competitor of the *Saturday Evening Post*.



FRIGHTFUL PREDICAMENT OF A CORPORATION PRESIDENT WHO EXPECTS AN IMPORTANT CALL—ONLY TO FIND THERE IS NOBODY TO ANSWER THE PHONE.

Life insurance companies offer policies by which a man may make certain that his son can go to college. What we really need is a policy that will insure his being an All-American halfback.

An English paper quotes Zangwill as saying there are more cranks to the square mile in America than in all the rest of the world. This is becoming less true since the Ford car acquired a self-starter.

The British Labor Party evidently wants England to put up her dukes.

Judge Kenyon refused to be Secretary of the Navy because he had "no qualifications for the job." He'll have to think up a better reason than that.

In America, the Almighty Dollar is the jack of all trades.

What few pedestrians there are left in the country should be landed by some enterprising automobile manufacturer with the slogan: "Buy a Car in Self-Defense."



"HOW DO YOU EVER TELL THEM APART, MRS. O'HOULIHAN?"
"GENEVIEVE HAS HAD HER TONSILS REMOVED."



Janitor: I COULD NEVER DO THAT.

Artist (modestly): HOW DO YOU KNOW? DID YOU EVER TRY?

"ME? NAW—I'D WANT TO RUN AROUND MORE."

The Crisis

PAGE Mr. Volstead!
Call the police!
Hurry out the army with a dozen rounds apiece!
Wireless the navy and the aviators, too!
I'm a law-abiding citizen and don't know what to do!
By the pillars of the White House, by the Capitolian dome,
There is riot, insurrection and rebellion in my home!
There is flagrant violation (which amounts to revolution)
Of the Sacrosanct Amendment to the sacred Constitution;
For I left a keg of grape-juice on a rafter in my garret
And I never even touched it, but it's turning into claret!
While another in my cellar is discovering a very
Reprehensible ambition to develop into sherry!
And a gallon jug of cider in a corner of my larder
That was once as mild as honey, now is getting hard and
harder!
Come and read a proclamation to the bottles on my shelves
That are making alcoholic exhibitions of themselves!"

Hear the land stirring!
Hear the wheels whirring!
Half-a-hundred Governors are busily conferring.
The President and Secretaries, greater and inferior,
Of Commerce, State and Treasury, of Labor and Interior,
Ninety-six Senators (two for each State),
Four hundred Congressmen plus thirty-eight,
And all the wise Judges of the Federal courts

Ponder these iniquities, malfeasances and torts;
And they issue in accordance with their powers and their
functions

By-laws and dry laws, writs and injunctions,
Annulling by decision or by act of legislature
Every deleterious principle of Nature,
Especially denouncing with severest reprobation
The scandalous catalysis of yeasty fermentation.
So effervescence lapses by a gentle desuetude,
And the awful alcoholic insurrection is subdued!

Arthur Guiterman.

Stranger than Fiction

NOW that the newspapers are running their annual announcements that the New York theatre ticket speculators are being put out of business, it is pleasing to note that one theatre advertises, "Balcony seats only at the box office." This admirable frankness should be encouraged in all lines of publicity. Think how many heartburnings and disappointments could be obviated if such a practice became common, as per the following slogan suggestions:

The Pullman Co.—"Upper berths only."

The Telephone Co.—"The line is busy."

The Corner Grocery—"We're just out of that."

The Fashionable Fifth Avenue Church—"Strangers not especially welcome."

A. C. M. Azoy, Jr.



THE MISSING RUBBER



THE SKEPTICS' SOCIETY

THEY TEST THE THEORY THAT "A WOMAN IS AS OLD AS SHE LOOKS!"

Why He Didn't

IT was a well-known fact that Stuffleigh was an out-and-out glutton—that he would eat anything and everything at any time. Moreover, it was reported on the best authority that he had openly announced to the Billingates, one evening, that the only reason he ever accepted their invitations was because of their chef. However, at their extremely sumptuous repast last week, Stuffleigh touched not a morsel.

Not a single morsel of the countless delicacies, though there were caviar pâtés and oysters on the half-shell and green turtle soup and lobster à la Newburg and breast of guinea hen and wild

rice and alligator pear salad and ices and pastries of every variety. Not one touched Stuffleigh's lips.

It was not that he was on a diet that evening. Far from it. Nor had he previously partaken of food elsewhere. Oh, no. It was merely that the Billingates had failed to invite him to dine with them.

C. G. S.

CUSTOMER (at lunch counter):

Cup of coffee, please.

COUNTERMAN: With or without?

CUSTOMER: With or without what?

COUNTERMAN: Coffee.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

April
3rd

Up betimes, for a walk through our neighborhood, and passing Mistress Cora Scoville's, did send up my name. Found her at work upon her "living" posters, and was astonished at her ingenious system for keeping her myriad spools of silk orderly, the inside of her closet doors being equipped with racks to hold them. I do mean to have my own thus arranged before the week is out, and to threaten the life of any servant who disturbs them, for Lord! domestic vandalism is such in this connection that were I to find a blue or brown silken thread in my basket when in need of it, the shock and surprise would unnerve me....To lunch at a publick with Edith Kendall, she full of her trip to Europe and the beautiful objects she plans to buy there, but I doubt gravely if eventuality match her anticipation. I do remember how I swore to set forth after a lace tablecloth the minute I reached Paris, whereas in reality my first purchase was a jar of pickles. So goes life only too often. And near us sat a man and woman who ate stodgily alone saying naught to each other, causing Edith to confide: If ever I marry, I shall not converse with my spouse whilst we are at home but save up everything to say until we are in publick, so that we may not appear incompatible.

April
4th

Lay late, pondering many things, in especial La Rochefoucauld's statement that there is something in the adversity of our best friends that is not displeasing to us, and albeit methinks such cynicism would not hold in all instances, I am suffused with guilt when I reflect that I do not want Marge Boothby to recover her wretched little dog, the loss of which is causing her such agony. Nor am I any foe of animals, neither. But this miserable canine has made a zany out of Marge, nor has she owned it long enough to be past salvation....At dinner this night my husband, poor wretch, did announce that if the exchange would enable him to eat scallions, he had liefer some of the strength in his head went to his stomach, which God forbid! Reading all evening in Owen Johnson's "Blue
(Continued on page 30)



"MOTHER, WHEN WE GO TO HEAVEN WILL THEY STUFF US SO THE ANGELS CAN LOOK AT US?"

Dirge

THERE'S nothing on a city street
But dust, for little birds to eat.

And how could any sparrow sing
With dust upon its wing?

And when there dies a sparrow, must
It still be dust? V. W. M.

A Tier Ill Shed

SMALL wonder that family life is on the wane in America, with the Family Circle taken from our theatres. No longer is there accommodation for the fond paterfamilias to seat his little flock about him to enjoy a heavenly evening of "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," while looking down with virtuous superiority on the bulging shirt-fronts and shameless shoulders of wealthy iniquity below. No more can he say to the box-office person as he purchases pasteboards for the wife and the kiddies: "Eleven twenty-five-cent tickets, please. Down near the rail, if possible; we like to be close to the stage."

How deplorable is the come-down from those innocent heights! The family boards are gone. Simple folk to-day must sit on costly plush upholstery in a Dress Circle.

The 1924 husband who goes *en famille* to the theatre to see "Red Letter Fanny" buys a pair of five-dollar tickets and leaves the dog in the limousine.

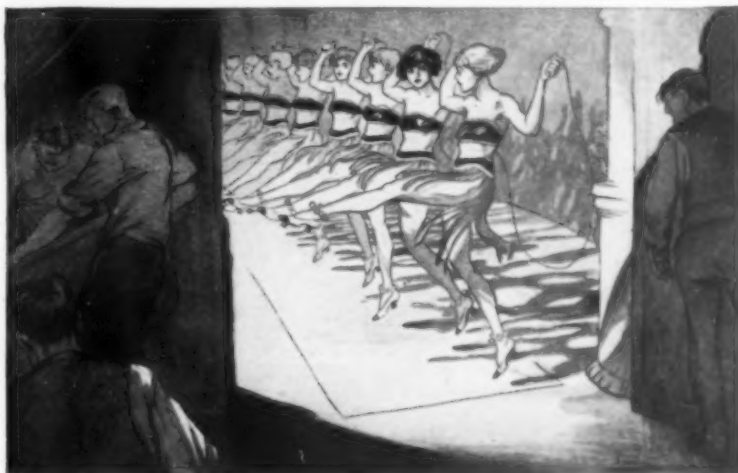
And what further has been lost irreparably with the passing of that other cherished institution, the Family Entrance? L. M.

A Public Economy

RUB: I have stopped drinking.

DUB: That will save your friends a lot of money!

DOUBTLESS when the radio fan falls in love he has a lot of fun building broadcastles in the air.



"WHAT'S DOING AFTER THE SHOW, TRIXY?"

"NOTHING. I'M GOING RIGHT HOME AND SLIP SOMETHING ON AND GO TO BED."



Right Where I Was

By Don Herold

I GET one magazine that is so chock-full of good advice on making a success of oneself that it is hard to tell where to begin. And worse than that, its advice is frequently contradictory.

For example, there was in a recent issue an article entitled, "Be What You Were Cut Out to Be." It urged us to try to discover the kind of person Nature meant us to be and be it, to find the talents Nature gave us and develop those talents. There was much talk about misfits—violinists who ought to have been blacksmiths, etc.

This article was preceded in the same issue or in a near issue by an article on marriage, by a lawyer who has seen many people in matrimonial difficulty, and he had in his article a list of ten "Don'ts for Wives" and another of ten "Don'ts for Husbands."

Two of his "Don'ts for Husbands" were:
Don't be a grouch. Gloomy husbands make unhappy wives. Don't nag, or use sharp words. Be pleasant and reasonable.

Does this magazine want to ruin lives and break up homes?

Does this lawyer guy know what he is doing? He is asking me to quit the very things at which I am really GOOD, and at which my wife knows I am GOOD—my talents—the very talents for which she married me.

Suspicion would enter our portals, or my wife would put me to bed and apply all the new kinds of hot-water bottles and call Dr. McGarvey. I can imagine now the wan, worried look on her face.

If she had wanted a cheerio husband she could have married that kind. She knew well enough that she was cheerful enough for two, and she chose me deliberately (and with great insight) to supply the unpleasantness and the unreasonableness in which she knew herself to be deficient.

I know where my talents lie, and I mean to develop them just as that magazine advised me on page 43. Or shall I observe these "Don'ts for Husbands" on page 29?

The point is, these success magazines just get us all balled up with misgivings.

I am right where I was, or a little more so.

Ananias Up-to-date

THE man who got London on the radio last night is the same fellow who formerly bragged about getting forty miles on a gallon of gas, who broke one hundred on his first round of golf, who makes good on his Wall Street tips and who files a correct income tax return.



HINT TO GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS

WHY DEPRIVE PRIVATE ENTERPRISE OF THESE VALUABLE CONCESSIONS?



SCRAMBLED ACADEMY
(Impressions of the Spring Exhibition)

LIFE'S War Prize Contest

Strife Promotion Race Goes Into Stretch as Thousands Cheer

THE mammoth campaign for Bigger and Better Wars which has been carried on in the columns of this magazine will last for only one more week. Thus, if you have any final suggestions for starting another rousing World Conflict, you must entrust them to the postman at once. The judges will consider no contributions that reach this office after midnight, April 15.

As the contest approaches a triumphant conclusion, unmistakable evidences of approaching strife are to be heard in all sections of the country. All veterans of the last conflict are taking measures to insure their exemption before the opening gun is fired; thousands of them have assured us that they are ready to sell materials to the Government at a purely nominal profit (50 per cent.).

Announcement of the winners in LIFE'S War Prize Contest will be made as soon as possible after the closing date, and it is to be hoped that hard-feeling among the entrants will be averted. One competitor has advised the judges that, if he fails to win the first prize, he will sue LIFE for \$250.01—the amount of the prize money plus the loss in publicity.

Following are some of the candidates for first honors:

Premium Patriotism

RICH old men suffered too much from the late war. Congress should at once provide that in the next war all big industry shall be guaranteed 25 per cent. profits, and the private armament industry 100 per cent. profits. No income over \$10,000 should be taxed at all. The army should be entirely composed of boys under 25. Labor during war should be paid double wages. Warlike newspaper editors should be given the Congressional Medal. There should be a special fund to provide a large prize



The prizes in this significant Contest are as follows:

First Prize	\$250.00
Second Prize	125.00
Third Prize	75.00
Fourth Prize	50.00

every year to the Congressman whose patriotism is judged to be the most offensive to other countries.

NORMAN HAPGOOD.
1225 Madison Avenue.
New York City.

If Possible

HOW TO BRING ON A GOOD, BIG WAR—Decide who won the last one.

KENNETH CATTO.
York Mills,
Ontario, Canada.

A Super-Production

THE logical, sensible thing to do with regard to the inevitable Next War is to hire D. W. Griffith to stage the thing properly—at a dollar a year.

We may as well face the facts. All previous wars have lacked the proper treatment and handling—the master touch, so to speak. They have lacked direction.

They have had the tritest and most inartistic endings, invariably spoiled by anticlimax. Which is rotten technique.

We must have better continuity in the Next War. We must have a bigger spectacle. More drammer. More twists. More punch! We must have better lighting. Bigger sets. A bigger cast. A bigger story!

ERNEST MAAS.
814 West End Ave.,
New York City.

The National League

TRY to settle all disputes by dissolving the United States into 48 independent nations with 48 presidents, 48 congresses and 48 separate military forces.

CARTER BELLENBACH.
1601 Gemmer Street,
Indianapolis, Ind.

An Eye for an Eye

SEND Sinclair Lewis, Peter B. Kyne, Irvin Cobb and Ring Lardner to England to lecture on English characteristics after the manner of the esteemed Israel Zangwill.

Second: Make it obligatory upon our statesmen to give interviews and to make public speeches referring to our late Allies as beggars, welshing debtors, morons, et cetera, in playful retaliation for recent utterances from across the Atlantic to the effect that we are a nation of dollar chasers, having no art, no conscience and no gratitude.

Third: Complete the already well-begun task of scrapping our Army, Navy and almost non-existent air force, and announce to an altruistic world that, on account of our isolation, we feel perfectly safe.

Fourth: Provide "Jim Crow" cars on Western railroads for the haughty Jap.

Fifth: Provide laws insuring ships under foreign flags the same benign treatment in our ports as that received by the American Merchant Marine abroad.

E. R. GUYE.
2116 First Street,
La Grande, Ore.

Conditions of the Contest

1. Suggestions must be limited to 200 words.
2. The Contest will close on April 15, and the judges will not consider any manuscripts received after that date.
3. All professional war-promoters—including members of Congress, manufacturers of munitions and war materials, a selected list of ministers of the Gospel, certain members of "patriotic" defense societies, and the House of Hohenzollern—are barred from the Contest. The Editors of LIFE are also ineligible.
4. Suggestions should be addressed to the War Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

As the answers to this Contest are submitted, the Editors of LIFE will select those suggestions that they consider best. These will be published from week to week in LIFE, and the readers of the magazine will have the opportunity to vote for their favorites. From these selections the Editors will make the final awards. Should any of the winning plans be duplicated, the full amount of the prize will be given each tying contestant. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

Every contribution to this Contest which is published in LIFE will be paid for at our regular rates—whether it wins a prize or not.

Ode to War

O LIFE, beloved of Mars, bedecked with
scars
From brickbats flung by pushers for the
Peace!
Horatius' scion, who withstand the Lars
Porsena of a warless world's increase!
Broad-minded Journal, silk stocking ad-
vertisers
Will hasten to renew their full-page
lease:
And scheme infernal army socks...
Visors
In brave Walhalla raise salute (while
Peter
Is busy bidding S. R. O. to misers).
I bring a bursting Shelley's well-timed
meter,
To fill your benefactious cup completer.
Make me the lips to whisper where the
place is
To find the man who's earned your em-
battled gold.
(For myself, I gently hint a commis-
sion basis.)
Repay the white-winged Ares who has
doled
His Cash to help the Cause to large di-
mensions;
Heed the contestant not whose plan has
told
Of doubly death-distributing inven-
tions—
War's simply Hell: the winner's certain
when
*The road to Hell is paved with good
intentions!*
His sword's a hundred-thousand-dollar
pen.
O Vital Sheet, your bellicose check be
signed
To Mr. Bok, meanwellfullest of men:
For LIFE, when Peace has come, the
well-meaning kind,
Can War, big, better War, be far be-
hind?

FRANKLIN C. ELLIS.
122 Chestnut Street,
Springfield, Mass.

Ten at a Time

1. WAR with Mexico: Get all our song-writers busy and have them change the locale of their mammy's knee to Mexico. The Mexicans will instantly become roused, for they are a sentimental people.
2. War with Germany: Just keep on sending them old clothes.
3. War with England: Keep on kidding them about the Prince of Wales' coming down off his high horse.
4. War with Russia: Keep on over-feeding them.
5. War with Switzerland: Keep on sending our neurasthenics to St. Moritz.
6. War with France: Lay off on the mark and kid the life out of the franc.
7. War with Italy: Dispute the claim that America was discovered by Columbus. Say it was the English lecturers.
8. War with Spain: Deport all our

(Continued on page 29)



Ghost (interrupting Ku Klux Klan meeting): WHAT ARE YOU TRYIN' TO DO, STEAL MY STUFF?

MAY: And did you have a good time on your camping trip?

FAY: Rather! First chance I have ever had to complain of my husband's cooking.

CUSTOMER: But do you expect to sell all those books on gardening?

BOOKSELLER: Sure! Reckon you don't know how many folks live in apartment houses in this town!



"WELL, GEORGE, HOW'RE THE DARLING LITTLE TWINS?"
George (after a bad night): THANK YOU, SIR. BUT ONE OF THEM IS MEANER'N THE OTHER.

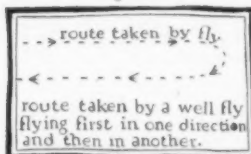
O N T H E F L Y



The FLY is small and numerous. His heart is light and humorous.



He has eleven million tiny eyes.



He wears long whiskers down his back that range from brown to dirty black.



He eats a lot of fodder, for his size.



His shins have whiskers on them, too, but goodness knows what good they do; they're awful messy when he eats molasses.

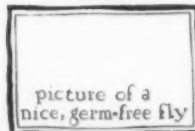
His feet have got adhesive soles



for navigating sugar bowls and window panes and walls and looking-glasses.



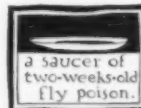
His mouth's an elephantine trunk for which his chin is countersunk; he pokes it out and saturates his chow.



His only kind of food is drink (his spit just moistens it, I think),



his whole menu is soup, from cake to cow.

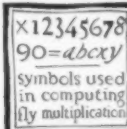


He has two tissue paper wings that make the music when he sings.

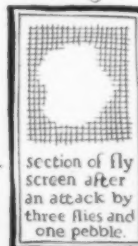


He's shifty on his feet—I should say, *off*.

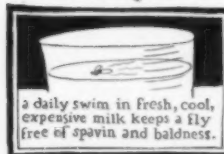
His peepers see things fore and aft, you can't waylay him from abaft.



He hates the cold, it makes him sneeze and cough.



He trots his tootsies with a jerk.



In Art he sticks to stipple work, except when he has lately stepped in ink.

He has a small, poetic nose but it gets every smell that goes.



He's strong for sweets or stuff that's on the blink.

He's affectionate and merry.



An ambitious parent, very; he multiplies best when the weather's hot.



He likes to wash his hands and face.



He mixes well with every race but Oh! how he does hate that short word, "SWAT"!





First American (standing treat): TWO BRONX COCKTAILS.
Barkeeper (to second American): AND WOT WILL YOU 'AVE, SIR?

The Romance of Sabitar (An "Atmosphere" Story of "Local Color")

IN the turquoise village of Sabitar that hung on the hillside north of Forispultan, there once dwelt a beauteous maiden who was as fair as the gerislak and as fascinating as the glorfu. Her eyes shone like the spaaki on a Manzi evening, and her lips were the shade of vemistir during the klaa. A perfect februki, the people of Sabitar called her, and from far and near came ragiboor of Jarbonaki and Telsarua who swore their eternal naropi. Indeed, they showered her with gelorti and pelatis by the mulporta. But she would have none of their perokus, and told them all to fri el dodo.

Then, one day, while picking narcuppi along the ramboo of the Lingtzu, a young palaston happened by, whistling a yansta. And so melodious was the celipood of the yansta, that the

maiden was immediately attracted and fell in love with the palaston and gave him all the narcuppi she had picked. He informed her that he was only a poor nastoopar, but she declared it made no matter: he was her nubeepti. Then she presented him to her father, Zerid El Kar, the elphiaded of Loinblok.



POOR BOOK-KEEPER EATING OFF THE ARM OF A CHAIR
IN A QUICK LUNCH EMPORIUM.

The old roccatoo appeared much surprised that his daughter should prefer a common nastoopar to a wealthy Jarbonak, but readily agreed that if he were the one of her choice, all was lumcoco. Whereupon the young palaston announced that he had told a fista in order to discover whether the maid really loved him, and that he was not actually a poor nastoopar but was, in truth, a raporetti, worth millions of nipondi, and that one day he would be the Gingtam of Boakispani.

The marrigippi took place the following day amid clederies of rackadooli.

Charles G. Shaw.

From the Cushions

"ISN'T farm life alluring?"

"Yes, if you don't have too much tire trouble."



APRIL 10, 1924

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 83. 2162

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
 CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President LE ROY MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
 598 Madison Avenue, New York
 English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



P EOPLE who gibe at Mr. Mellon's income tax proposal say that his plan was to reduce the tax on the small incomes about ten per cent., on the larger ones by a little more than that, and on the big ones by fifty per cent. Those may not be accurate figures, but the idea was that the richest people should get the most relief. But that all accords with Scripture and "to him that hath shall be given." Mr. Mellon's aim in abating so considerably the demands on the largest fortunes was to get more out of them than they pay at present, but after all, why not let the rich people have all the money, and save us that much trouble, particularly in the wear and tear of living with people who have not got enough yet, and are forever struggling and scrambling to get more, and forever calling to us and nudging us to help them? It brings back the old story of Dean Richmond when he was President of the New York Central Railroad, and his conductors. The conductors in those days collected a good many fares in cash, and there were no coupon-tickets for them to punch, and it was profitable to them. But when President Richmond was told that they were knocking down on him, that they all had gold watches and diamond pins, and that he ought to turn them out, he said, "Why turn them out and put in another set who have not yet got gold watches and diamond pins?"

There are obvious advantages in letting the people who have money have it all. The struggles of the not-yet-rich-enough to get the money away from their fellows stand out among the troubles of life. Advertisement is

one of the symptoms of it. It has such results as the *Saturday Evening Post*, and the ability and the disposition of Mr. Munsey to shuffle the newspapers of New York like a pack of dirty cards, throwing which he will in the scrap basket when it suits him, and joining their late makers to the ranks of the jobless. The same struggle lines the highways with disfiguring signs, and puts electric advertising in places where it is not an ornament. It takes much of the peace out of the world, and much of the beauty. When the papers reported from the State of Washington that the Standard Oil Company began in mid-March to burn its outdoor advertising signs along the highways of the Coast, it helped very much the sentiment for letting the rich keep the money. A new concern would not do that. The Standard, it seems, hopes that if it sets an example others will follow it.



I F the rich had all the money and none of us had to give undue attention to getting some, it might help the details of life a great deal. That is really the Communist or Socialist idea, only the Socialists and Communists would have the State take charge of capital, instead of the rich. For our part we would rather have the rich do it because some of them are quite intelligent, whereas the intelligence of states and governments is a highly speculative quality. There is nothing to do with money after one has made a fairly complete collection of it but in some way or other to give it back to the people. Mr. Rockefeller got a nice set, but he realized after he had looked after it a while that he had to turn it in, and it was the same

with Carnegie, and is going to be the same way with Henry Ford. John D. Andrew, or Henry may say in what direction their money shall flow, but flow it must; flow back to the great sea which is the people. Never so high a dam but that the water will run over it presently if it keeps running in.



T HE objection to letting all the money go to the rich, or to the State, or to Congress, is our need of some of it to live on as we go along, and the very different quantities that are required to maintain different kinds of people in the activities that they are suited to. The more one thinks of idealisms like Communism or Plutocracy the more patient one finds it necessary to be with things as they are. The other way did not make Russia happy, nor yet Germany. Nevertheless there does seem to be a vast waste of effort in keeping the powerful or the crafty or even the efficient from getting what they want. A good part of the current job of our Government seems to be to prevent the natural creators of wealth from creating it. As we put our heads together to try to find some one who is proper to be President, the qualification of candidates which seems to interest as many people as any other is the capacity to direct the flow of money so that one squad of voters may get it in preference to another. Bids for votes are chiefly money bids—the bonus, tax reduction, continuance of high tariff, something for the farmers. But if we let the rich keep all the money, the rest of us might succeed better in getting our minds on something else, and moralities like the League of Nations or amendment of the Volstead Act might grow in importance as campaign issues.



A S for candidates, no doubt there is something going on. People are thinking; some consciously; some otherwise. That is, the Democrats are thinking, and the radical or progressive Republicans. The bulk of the Republican Party, so far as yet appears, see their best hope in Mr. Coolidge and have no occasion to think very much about him.

They like to feel that it is not necessary. They do not see as yet any likely Democratic candidate who will make it necessary to think harder about Mr. Coolidge than they have done hitherto. They like to think of him as the new broom that is going to sweep the administration clean. They would be glad if he would make some haste about it, but observing that it is a heavy job, they are not disposed to be impatient with him.

Mr. Daugherty, at this writing, is still a member of the Cabinet and the investigation which concerns him is still a continued story running in long daily installments and fairly exciting at times to persons who have leisure to follow it. Perhaps, proceeding in that form, it is having a cumulative effect. Perhaps the sight daily of a page or so of newspaper about the inside activities of the late Ohio administration does make a deepening impression on minds that do not follow the story in detail and would not believe very much of it if they did.

So that is going on with an effect on Republican chances that every one may estimate to suit himself. The great backers of Mr. Coolidge are those who think that, on the whole, the rich might as well keep the money. Among the Democrats Mr. McAdoo was looked upon as the champion of the contrary persuasion. Since his availability has become impaired, no one has taken his place, not Mr. Underwood, not Al Smith, not Dr. Houston, not Governor Ralston, not Mr. Davis. Not any of these are really radicals. Some of them are excellent Presidential timber, not one of them is bad, but none of them can be expected to make any zealous search for property in pockets where it now reposes, for distribution to voters who would like to have it.

If the Democrats should come in strong enough, no doubt they would amend

the tariff, but beyond that, one cannot speak of their intentions until their platform comes out, and not very positively even then.

That no one now spoken of will head the Democratic Party is quite possible. Any one who knew of such a person and wanted him to be nominated would probably be inclined at this time to keep it dark. Discussion of the gentlemen now considered produces very little to the prejudice of their merits, but a good deal against the availability of any one of them. Anybody that has a new man in his mind would doubtless prefer to

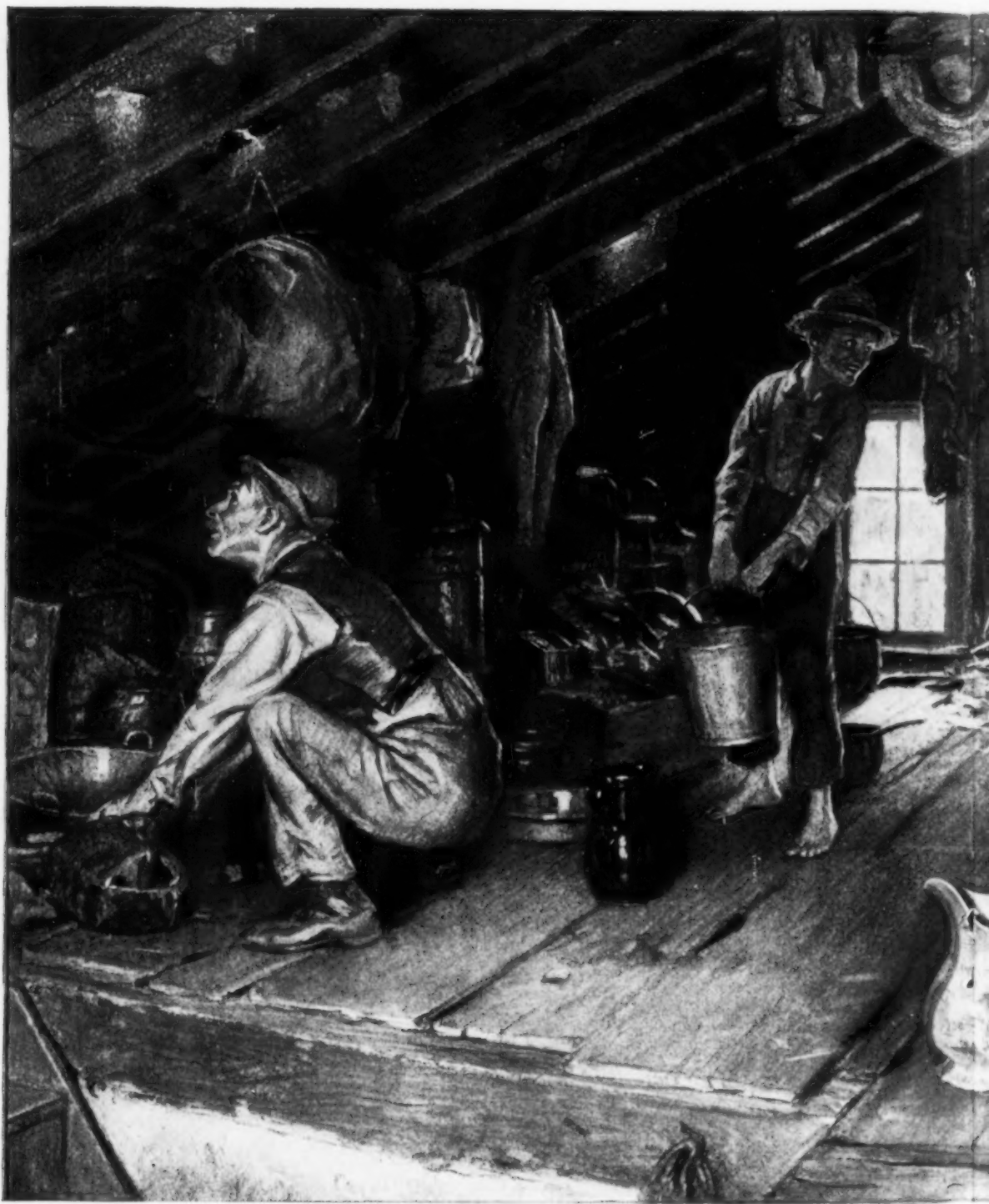
have his availability not too much discussed before the convention meets.

Spring has come and is a great comfort. Business is good in spots. The building trades and everything connected with them are making money which is being collected in one way or another from everybody else. It is a nice time for any one who can to go away and sit down and let all human concerns take care of themselves for a while, while the sun shines and the early buds swell and green things begin to poke up out of the earth.

E. S. Martin.



"HYSTERIA, HUH? WELL, IT'S GOT TO BE DONE!"



A Rainy Day i



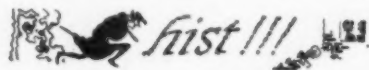
ay Day in the Attic



Lay On, Macduff!

THIS being the last week of James K. Hackett's presentation of "Macbeth" at the Equity Theatre, anything that we may say about it on this page will be chiefly for the records in the Congressional Library at Washington and for academic use in the schools and colleges. Its news value will be negligible.

In our reportorial capacity, therefore, we will simply say that, in spite of the fact that Mr. Hackett was awarded the Croix de Guerre or something in France for his *Macbeth*, it was a surprisingly satisfying performance. And Miss Clare Eames, although suffering from somewhat the same necessity of simulating maturity that Rollo Peters encountered with *Mark Antony*, presented a vision of *Lady Macbeth* which we have adopted as our pictorial standard from now on.



"MACBETH" being one of the few Shakespearean plays which we can sit through, we feel rather like the serpent's tooth, or whatever it is that is even sharper (thou winter wind, possibly), in complaining at all, but there is one scene in this otherwise robust murder-melodrama which typifies all that is unactable and, to us, unbearable in Shakespeare when presented on the stage.



WE are in the midst of a perfectly bully bloodletting scene, with the murderer sneaking out from the victim's chamber, covered with gore and trembling with apprehension. He runs into his wife, who wants to know how tricks are. And, in the midst of this terrific mental upheaval and the nervousness which is always attendant on the consummation of one's first murder, what does the terror-stricken thane reply? He clears his throat and declares that *Macbeth* hath murdered sleep, "sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care, the death of each day's life, sore labor's bath, balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast." This panicky fugitive stops in the midst of his flight and turns thesaurus, while *Lady Macbeth* has to stand by until he has thought up all the literary synonyms for sleep and act as if she really were excited. No actor in God's world could make a scene like that anything but plaster-of-Paris, for it is bad psychology, bad human-nature and perfectly rotten theatre. And to any one sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope we will specify a dozen

important scenes equally bad for acting purposes from every one of Shakespeare's plays. (Don't be silly and take this seriously. Not that we couldn't do it, but we have no intention of going over all of Shakespeare's works just to gratify the playful instincts of childish readers.)



IT may seem rather sophomoric to be picking flaws in Shakespeare's play-writing, like a young man discovering for himself that there is no God, but if we had been reviewing a play by Samuel Shipman which had contained such a scene (and one unquestionably will some time) we should have had a great deal of not particularly good-natured fun over it. As a matter of fact, there is a striking similarity between Messrs. Shakespeare and Shipman in their craving for literary elaboration in moments of great emotional stress. It is our conviction that they both should be reserved for reading in the sanctum.



SOME day we want to see Briggs do a series of cartoons which will show the actual conversations which went on between famous Mr.'s and Mrs.'s of history. It was all that we could think of at the conclusion of the banquet scene in "Macbeth," when, after the last guest has gone in embarrassment following the host's peculiar behavior, *Lady Macbeth* finally confronts her husband:

"Well, a fine excuse for a man you turned out to be! I never was so humiliated in all my life. You can't take one or two drinks and let it go at that. Oh, no! You have to go and *drown* yourself in it, and then go seeing ghosts all over the place. What do you suppose everybody thought? You might suppose, after I had been on my feet all day getting ready for this party, that you could at least behave like a gentleman to my guests. But no! You have to go and disgrace me before everybody—" (And so on, far into the night.)

And, if Briggs had done it, there would be an arrow pointing to the unhappy *Macbeth* labeled "Not a word."

Given a little time and the right co-operation, this department will guarantee to fix up any one of Shakespeare's plays so that it will at least give you your money's worth as entertainment.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Cyrano de Bergerac. *National*—Walter Hampden in a classic which has enough thrills to make five ordinary dramas.

Hell-Bent fer Heaven. *Fraser*—The ravages of religious mania shown in a well-acted and exciting play.

Hurricane. *Frolic*—Olga Petrova receiving time-and-a-half wages of sin.

The Miracle. *Century*—An inspiring spectacle of incomparable magnitude.

Mister Pitt. *Morocco*—The intensely moving story of a poor boob.

The Outsider. *Ambassador*—Katharine Cornell and Lionel Atwill in a drama of therapeutics which turns out to be thrilling as well.

Outward Bound. *Ritz*—A sea-trip into the Hereafter, the very idea of which contains a kick.

Rain. *Maxine Elliott's*—Surely you don't have to be told about this.

Saint Joan. *Empire*—The way to sainthood, with marginal notes by Bernard Shaw. Winifred Lenihan in the title rôle.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—A very few of us still think this a pretty bad play, over-acted. However—

The Shame Woman. *Comedy*—Rustic sinning.

Sun-Up. *Princess*—An honest and engrossing account of the war's effect on the backwoods.

Tarnish. *Belmont*—The male sex under uncompromising examination in an excellent little play.

Welded. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Eugene O'Neill's most tiresome play, with Doris Keane and Ben-Ami.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—A-ha-ha-ha! Oh, well, all right!

Across the Street. *Hudson*—To be reviewed next week.

Beggar on Horseback. *Broadhurst*—Delicious satire with Freudian overtones. Roland Young as the composer who dreams it all.

Fashion. *Greenwich Village*—An 1845 comedy presented in the manner of the time, with hilarious effect.

Fata Morgana. *Garrick*—Emily Stevens in an explicit outline of cradle-vamping, so well done as to be slightly embarrassing.

For All of Us. *Lyric*—William Hodge as a Good Old Soul.

The Goose Hangs High. *Bijou*—The modern child in its home life, shown with more fidelity than usual and not a little entertainment.

Meet the Wife. *Klaw*—Mary Boland as the funny lady with marital complications.

Nancy Ann. *Forty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Nervous Wreck. *Sam H. Harris*—Otto Kruger and June Walker in a noisy but somehow amusing farce.

The Potters. *Plymouth*—Vignettes of domestic life, sketched with almost tragic veracity.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—Perhaps the American comedy we have been looking for.

Spring Cleaning. *Eltinge*—An excellent cast in excellent dirt.

The Swan. *Cort*—Eva Le Gallienne in a comedy of royalty which is both distinguished and amusing.

Sweet Seventeen. *Lyceum*—Rather tepid.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Winter Garden*—We haven't seen the new edition. It may be better.

Charlot's Revue. *Times Square*—English artists in a revue that is a revue.

The Chiffon Girl. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Singing by Eleanor Painter.

Kid Boots. *Earl Carroll*—Eddie Cantor going strong.

Little Jessie James. *Little*—Carried along on a song-hit.

Lollipop. *Knickerbocker*—Good all-around show.

Mary Jane McKane. *Imperial*—Mary Hay and Hal Skelly in something very pleasant.

Moonlight. *Longacre*—Julia Sanderson and lots of songs.

Mr. Battling Buttler. *Selwyn*—Fair enough.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—A galaxy of girls, elevators, and Dr. Frank Tinney.

Paradise Alley. *Casino*—To be reviewed later.

Poppy. *Apollo*—Madge Kennedy and W. C. Fields in one of the season's best.

Runnin' Wild. *Colonial*—Negro show refreshed for the spring trade.

Sitting Pretty. *Fulton*—To be reviewed later.

Stepping Stones. *Globe*—Fred Stone and his daughter in a family hit.

Sweet Little Devil. *Central*—Constance Binney in the title rôle.

Vogues. *Shubert*—To be reviewed next week.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—What is called the "spring edition."



ALFRED LUNT AND MARGALO GILLMORE IN
"OUTWARD BOUND"



THE AMALGA-MATING SEASON

Addenda

ALBERT B. FALL enjoys one advantage over his fellow ex-Cabinet members. He can retire to private life in the largest State in the Union.

* * *

None but the brave deserves affairs.

* * *

The Prince of Wales is already qualified to solve any problem that comes to the throne.

Symbols

NO need to ask the time of year
When clouds of bright balloons appear
And some surprising magic drapes
Geraniums from fire-escapes,
When benches in the park gleam new
And barges dust the river's blue,
When hurdy-gurdies weave old lays
Along a city's teeming ways,
No need to ask if it is spring
When hearts long mute are stirred to sing,
When feet once leaden strive to run
And shadowed faces seek the sun,
When youth goes most supremely mad
And age forgets that it is sad,
When, 'spite of all that reason spurns,
The dreamer to his dreams returns.

R. L. J.

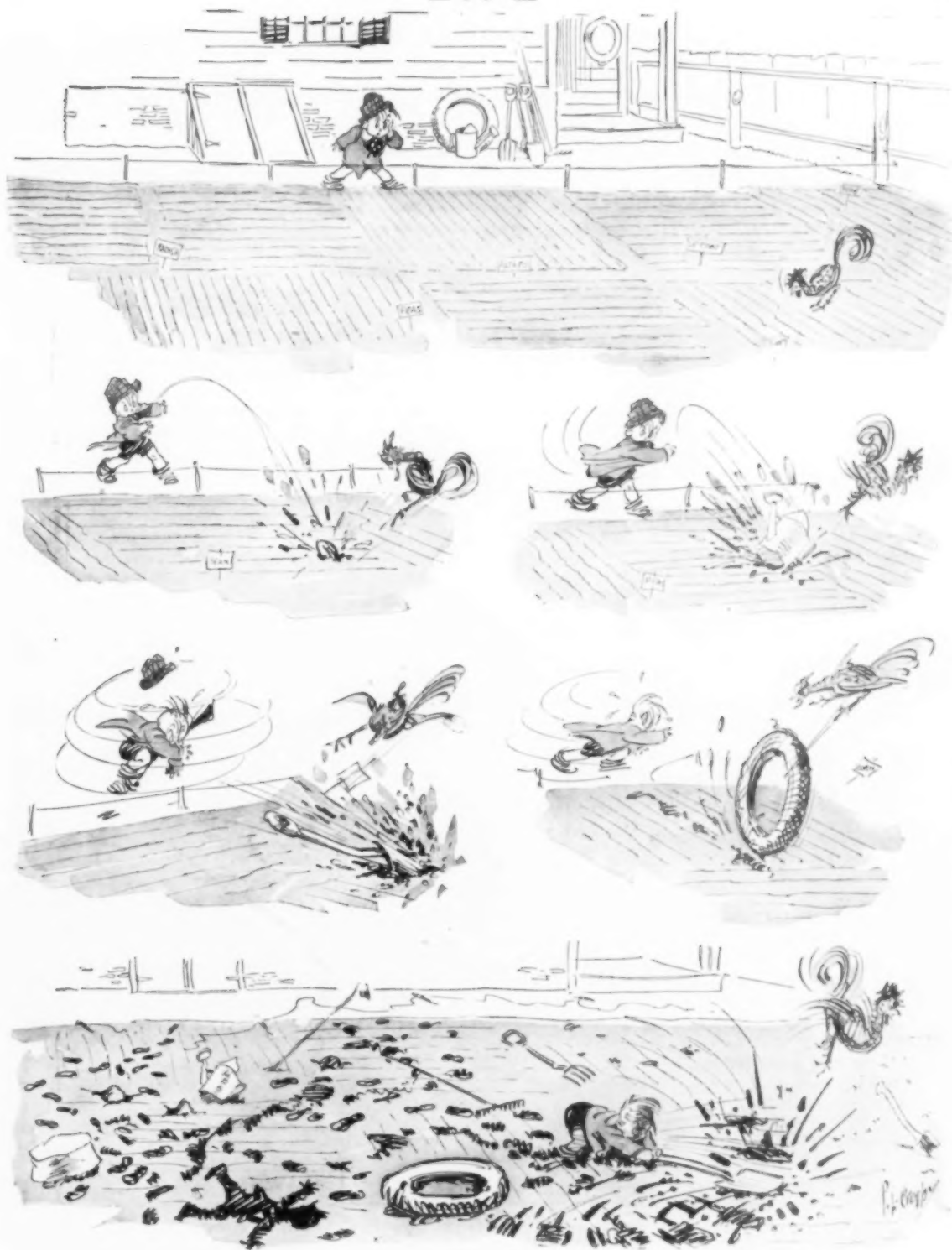
Hortikultur

MRS. NEWLYWED (*to patient husband who has been planting the flower-bed*): John, dear, you'll have to dig up that poppy seed you planted this morning. I've decided to have the poppies on the other side of the garden.

AUTOMOBILE manufacturers assert that the buying public is not yet "saturated" with cars. But we know some buyers who have been pretty well soaked.



THE SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATMEN



Skippy

PAPA PROMISED HIM TEN CENTS A WEEK TO KEEP THE NEIGHBOR'S ROOSTER OUT OF THE NEW GARDEN.



BOOKS dealing with the principles of polite conduct have in the past been aimed so directly at those in need of information on the subject that they have furnished a good deal of amusement to others not in such extremity. A literal interpretation of them would produce a society of automatons similar to the Robots which we saw last year in "R. U. R." Even the correspondence courses which go so far as to suggest that the male members of an automobile party having tire trouble in the neighborhood of a farmhouse would be doing the graceful thing by purchasing a watermelon do not exactly get at the spirit underlying the law. But *Vogue's* "Book of Etiquette" does, being based on common sense, which is the marrow of courtesy.

The editorial portions are unusually adequate, and may be read with interest and profit by many who might ordinarily feel themselves beyond any instruction in the ways and usages of society. The Questions and Answers which follow the expository material in each chapter throw considerable and sufficient light on the bypaths of its subject, and these also may be perused to some advantage by those with a superiority complex. Many individuals who sit calm before an imposing array of flat silver utterly ignore the fact that they should make at least an attempt at departure half an hour after luncheon, and although empires do not wobble because a guest who is being dropped seats herself on the wrong side of the motor, the equanimity of the woman who owns the Rolls often does. It is just as well to keep refreshed on the finer points which make up life, and *Vogue's* "Book of Etiquette" will help you there. If you pay strict attention to the chapter on servants, you may save yourself time in the employment agencies.

OWEN JOHNSON'S "Blue Blood"

(Little, Brown) is a modern story doubling in brass on the old Monna Vanna theme. There is no rival general and there is no tent, but there are two convenient millionaires with corners on the stocks wherein dear Father has o'erstepped himself, and in each crisis *Rita*, the beloved daughter, makes the supreme sacrifice. The first, with benefit of clergy, lasts six miserable years. The second, which brings the plot to a happy conclusion, has been muffed by the author. *Rita*, who is really in love with *Dan Haggerty*, the Western magnate who can save her father, fights him off with a lot of silly talk about family pride, the style to which she has been accustomed, and so forth. The catch is that *Haggerty* has

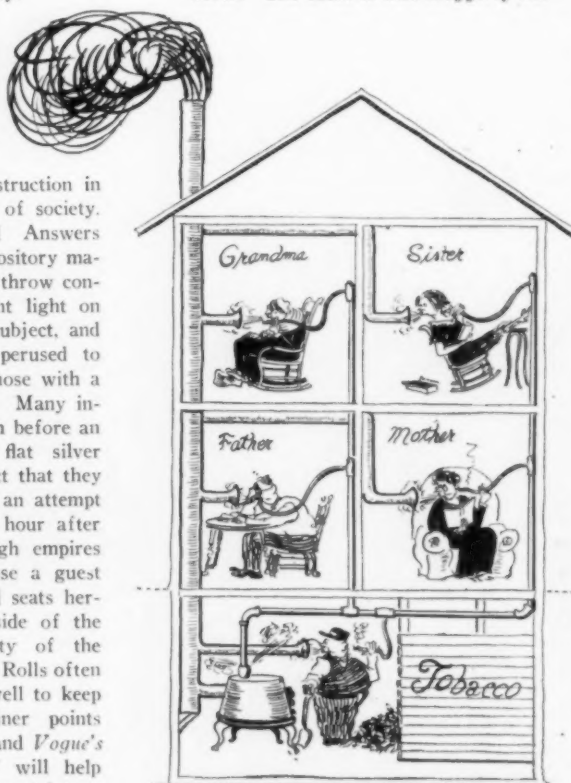
a wife in an insane asylum (can't novelists think of another one pretty soon?). But when dear Papa tells *Rita* that all is over *this* time—of course he wouldn't have speculated if he hadn't been compelled to; how can she fancy for a moment that he would have?—she goes to *Haggerty* and tells him that if he will come across with five millions she will be his whenever he summons her. Mr. Johnson makes the mistake of having *Haggerty* fly to *Rita* with honest propositions the minute his wife dies. He should have had him walk right out of her life the minute the check was signed. The story might have had the same finish, but *Rita* would have engineered it.

I have always held that when an author editorializes a character as brilliant he should make that character bear him out in dialogue. I also hold that when a novelist extends himself as to his characters' pride of race, he should make those characters bear him out in their words and deeds. The blue-blooded *Majendies* talk a good deal about *noblesse oblige*, but every one of them acts like a first-class cad.

I READ every word of "High Fires," by Marjorie Barkley McClure (Little, Brown), an amazing admission in view of the fact that it contains much noble talk about the war, soldiers, in one instance, marching through the streets, and innumerable pages of discussion as to whether or not there is a God and the necessity of leading an upright life. But the author has a curious ability to arrest the attention with rather meagre bait. I didn't believe it possible to be so concerned over whether or not a young girl got to a party and what kind of time she would have as I was when *Frances* was recklessly charging sash ribbon to her mother's account and planning to crawl out the window when her swain gave the signal.

The high fires of the title are those of the spirit, and the central character is a Presbyterian clergyman in whom they burn to an uncompromising ex-

(Continued on page 32)



Drawn by Don Herold
NOW THAT THE ENTIRE FAMILY SMOKES,
A CENTRAL HOME SMOKING SYSTEM LIKE
THIS MIGHT PROVE ECONOMICAL.

My Husband Says

THAT the setting of the play we saw last night was rather interesting, but he heard only the lines from the lady who sat behind us.

She said a play might please the bourgeois taste of New Yorkers for ten years, but if it survived in Boston for two weeks it was a *real* test of its merit and she hoped the blonde wouldn't lose the little pin from the back of her coiffure or the entire structure would collapse and no sane woman with such ugly elbows would wear short sleeves and the chiropodist came in the afternoon and such unpleasant sights made her frightfully nervous.

It was really quite rude of my husband, but he turned and looked at her and she said: "What an extremely disagreeable-looking person!"

She then told her husband not to wait for the conclusion of the act, but to run out *at once* and get two aspirin tablets. She said she was *so* sensitive to sudden shocks.

I heard one bright line from the stage, but my husband said he was much too preoccupied to explain it to me and he wouldn't go to the theatre again until "Way Down East" came back. He said he wanted to see a woman thrown out into the snow.

L. Blanche Simpson.

BRITAIN need fear nothing radical from its Labor Government if it includes any bricklayers.

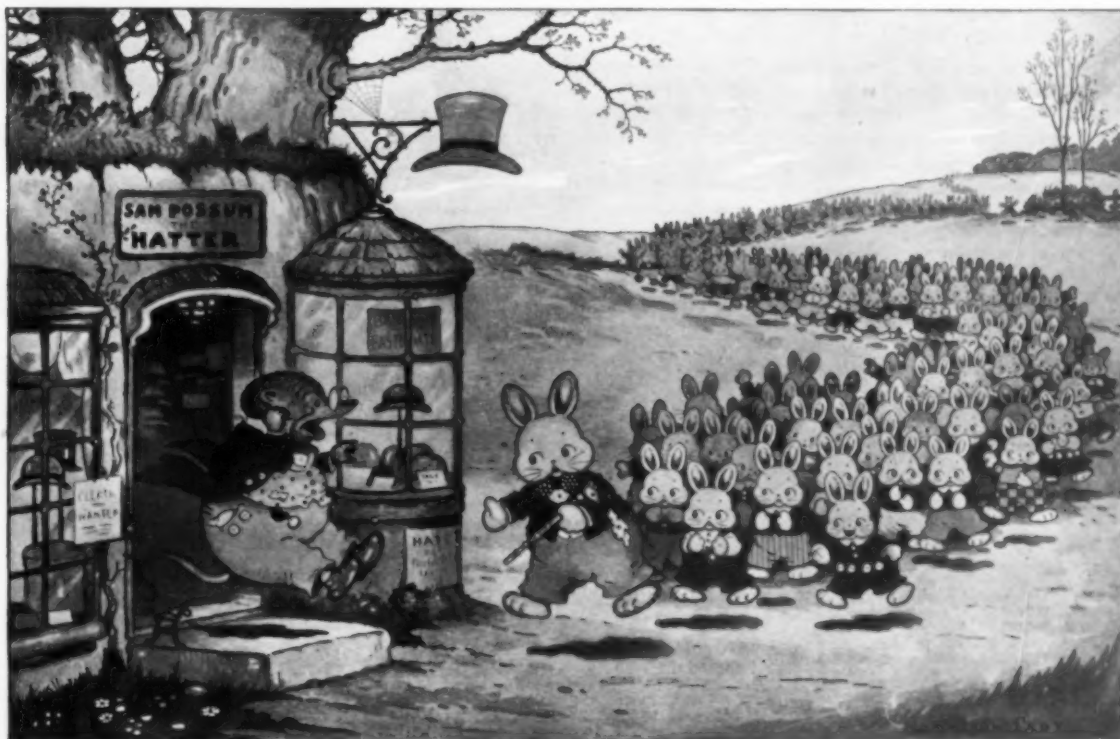


City Editor: WHAT KIND OF A WRITE-UP ARE YOU GIVING THE SHOW?

Critic: SAME OLD STUFF.

"WHAT'S THAT?"

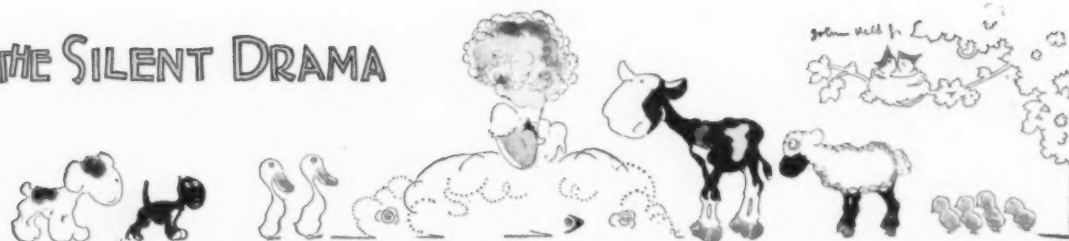
"PANNING THE AUTHOR FOR WRITING THE SAME OLD STUFF."



A LARGE COMMISSION

Mr. Rabbit: 'MORNING, MR. POSSUM. ME AND THE KIDDIES ALL NEED NEW EASTER HATS AND I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D MAKE A SPECIAL RATE AND TAKE US AS A JOB LOT.

THE SILENT DRAMA



"Lilies of the Field"

"GOOD of its kind" is the faint phrase that springs to the front in any consideration of "Lilies of the Field." It has an excellent cast—including the decorative Corinne Griffith and the decorous Conway Tearle—and its continuity is consecutive and sound.

But the story is a shabby affair—a not too frank discussion of various alluring subjects. The object is to tickle the perpetual adolescents in the audience and at the same time to dodge the terrifying shears of the censors. "Lilies of the Field" is just naughty enough to be a good box-office attraction, and not naughty enough to be wholesomely offensive to public morals.

THE censors in Ohio have banned "A Woman of Paris," and have allowed "Lilies of the Field" to pass without so much as the elevation of an eyebrow. Which is all that you need to know about the censors in Ohio.

Sport Pictures

ON frequent occasions I have called attention to the short sport pictures which Grantland Rice is producing; since their inception they have been consistently amusing and instructive.

The new series is better than ever. Mr. Rice has improved his photography and his subject-matter, and his current crop of products is exceptionally meritorious. Indeed, the most entertaining two-reeler that I have seen since Buster Keaton's graduation is "Olympic Mermaids," featuring four of the graceful young ladies who will represent this country at the games in France next summer.

It isn't often that a newspaper columnist can turn his editorial ability to account on the screen, but Grantland Rice has done it, and done it remarkably well.

"The Thief of Bagdad"

LAST week I devoted all the space in this department to a consideration of Douglas Fairbanks's picture, "The Thief of Bagdad." My summary may roughly be described as inadequate. For, had I an entire volume of LIFE at my command, I should still fail to convey so much as a glimmering suggestion of the miracle that has been wrought in this Arabian Nights' Entertainment. Its enchantment, its fantastic impressiveness, its beauty baffle the descriptive powers of better correspondents than I — and Rupert Hughes would not be the first to deny that there are such.

However, credit is due to certain individuals whose names were omitted in my swooning review last week: Anna May Wong and So-Jin, whose performances of two Mongolian characters are rich in beauty and in authentic power, and, among many others, Snitz Edwards, Julianne Johnston and Charles Belcher.

There are, also, Raoul Walsh, the director; Arthur Edeson, the chief camera-man; Lotta Woods, the continuity expert, and William Menzies and Irvin Martin, the art directors.

A list of credits like the foregoing does not provide particularly exciting literature, and is usually assiduously avoided on this page. But it contains names that must be read into the record; each of these people has contributed materially to the greatest up-

lift the Silent Drama has ever known.

Citation must be made of the official megaphone wielder—Morris Gest, who brought the Moscow Art Theatre to America, and who is now bringing the Hollywood Art Theatre to the world. Mr. Gest has found in "The Thief of Bagdad" the perfect medium for the expression of his inspired showmanship—a showmanship which, by the way, is predicated on the conviction that it is always advisable to have something worthwhile to show.

NOR should it be forgotten (and I am inclined to believe that it won't be forgotten) that Douglas Fairbanks does the best work of his life in "The Thief of Bagdad." He has surpassed his own *D'Artagnan* and *Robin Hood* by a long series of leaps and bounds.

He visualized this remarkable story in his own effervescent mind; with infinite care and inspired artistry, he set it forth in living shadows on the screen. I have never been loath to back him with all the verbal capital at my disposal, but now I am compelled to shoot the works.

He is a genuinely great man.

IN one respect—and only one—"The Thief of Bagdad" is cause for critical alarm; it throws the casual reviewer entirely off his balance, it warps his point of view, it upsets his perspective. For myself, I am considerably disturbed by the thought that there are still thousands and thousands of pictures for me to appraise in these pages, and here I am left with nothing more to say.

The thought that I have been struck speechless is appalling. (Did I hear a voice inquire, "To whom?")

Robert E. Sherwood.





"Balloons"

Balloon tires mark a radical departure from old standards of tire construction. Therefore it is of the utmost importance to choose "Balloons" made by a manufacturer who has earned the reputation for thoroughly perfecting a new product before placing it on the market.

Mohawk Balloon Cords are offered with the definite pledge that they will live up in every way to the standards of quality, mileage and uniformity for which all Mohawk tires have been famous during the past eleven years.

We manufacture a line of Balloon Cords for small diameter wheels, as well as interchangeable "Balloons" to fit standard rims and wheels.

Mohawk Hobb's Guides

We publish a series of unique grade and surface guides of the nation's principal highways, covering every detail of road conditions, garage and hotel accommodations and camp sites. Complete details in free circular.

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MOHAWKS

Go Farther!



A Bad Egg

Two Americans were discussing a common acquaintance in an exclusive club on Fifth Avenue.

"He's awful," said the first.

"Yesterday he gave me a cooking cigar," said the other.

—*London Morning Post.*

Precision

From a small schoolgirl's essay on "My Family":

"In my family there are three of us, my father, mother and me. I am the youngest."—*London Daily News.*

The Bittern Again

Ornithologists say that the bittern is by nature the most independent of birds. Another case of once bittern twice shy.

—*Glasgow Bulletin.*

"WHAT'S harder'n buyin' a dime's worth o' picture postal cards an' then tryin' t' think who t' send 'em to?"

—*Abe Martin, in Indianapolis News.*



SPECIAL FOR TO-DAY

"WHAT HAVE YOU THAT'S GOOD?"

"MY CHARACTER, SIR."

—*Buen Humor (Madrid).*

French Version

An African explorer was holding forth in the middle of an attentive circle of admirers.

"In one of the villages in the heart of the dark continent," said he, "one may buy a wife for the average price of twenty-five francs."

"What an abomination!" cried one lady.

"So it is," replied her husband. "Even there they have been hit by the high cost of living."—*Sans-Gêne (Paris).*

To Be Repatriated

DER STUDENT: How do you like my translation from the English, Herr Doctor?

DER HERR PROFESSOR: I advise you to translate it back into English as soon as possible.—*Der Brummer (Berlin).*

The Conventional Black

At last the bridegroom is coming into his own. A Kansas paper recently said the bridegroom was "dressed in mid-night blue."—*Kansas City Star.*

M. GRABSKI has been invited to form the New Polish Government. It is a wonder that he waited to be asked.

—*Punch.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

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A gentleman's street brogue in rich calf, inside and out.
Your Bostonian merchant has your exact size.

DARTMOOR fits fine leather over the actual shape of your foot, with a subtle style that is always just a little ahead of the field.

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BOSTON AND WHITMAN, MASS.



Bungalow Camps ~ in the Canadian Pacific Rockies

GOD made the Rockies. Man made the cars. And now both the mountains and the cars can get together for one hundred spectacular miles on the Banff-Lake Windermere Automobile Road. You pass scores of unnamed and unclimbed peaks. And all about, within range of your kodak there's big game—sheep, goat, bear. Four Bungalow Camps on this Road—Storm Mountain with a superlative view—Vermilion River Crossing—Sinclair Hot Springs—and Lake Windermere, with the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers for an astounding side-trip.

You can hire a car at Banff or Lake Louise. Or, go down the Road by motor-touring bus.

Write for the Bungalow Camp Booklet

Canadian Pacific
IT SPANS THE WORLD

New York—Madison Ave. at 44th St.

San Francisco—675 Market St.

Chicago—Straus Bldg.

Montreal—Windsor Station

Canadian Pacific Offices All Over the World

MANAGERS and assistant managers in our hotels represent the guest just as truly as they represent the hotels. It's you, really, for whom they work.

So when you want some special service or attention that's beyond the room-clerk or bell captain or other person to whom you apply—

When you have to go higher than the chief of some department to get satisfaction—

Then an assistant manager, or perhaps the manager, is the man for you to see.



Get to the Management

By E. M. STATLER

As the manager can be in but one place at one time, and can't be on duty all the time, there are assistant managers in our hotels who are all that the title implies. An assistant manager is always available, broadly speaking; and is always glad to do his utmost to insure your satisfaction while you're with us.

You will find, below, some of our formal instructions to managers and assistant managers; they give the net of what we require of men in those positions, in their capacity of representing the guest.

Instructions to Managers and Assistant Managers

"Your biggest responsibility is to see that our policies are carried out and our promises to the public are kept.

"Most of your contact with guests will be with those who want something of you. You must always do everything you can to make their way smooth and pleasant.

"If his trunk hasn't come, or his ice-water doesn't flow; if he doesn't like his room, or has trouble at the mail desk—

"Whatever the reason for his seeking you, you are to take hold *interestedly* and give him the quickest satisfaction possible.

"In all your contact with guests (and, don't forget, with your associates, too), remember that the unforgivable sin,

from our standpoint, is discourtesy. A close second is lack of interest; whether a guest comes to you with a complaint or a request, he *must always* be greeted and listened to and helped with the graciousness and courtesy that are the spirit of our policies. Be guided always by the golden rule.

"You are the men at the top in your houses, you managers and assistant managers. But you have no special rights or privileges over any other employee of the company in the literal carrying-out of these instructions from The Statler Service Codes: 'No employee is allowed the privilege of arguing any point with a guest; he must adjust the matter at once to the guest's satisfaction, or call his superior to do so.' "

Guarantee of Statler Service:

We guarantee that our employees will handle all transactions with our guests (and with each other) in the spirit of the golden rule—of treating the guest as the employee would like to be treated if their positions were reversed. We guarantee that every employee will go to the limit of his authority to satisfy you; and that if he can't satisfy you, he will immediately take you to his superior.

From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and if the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the transaction should then become a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor upon us if you will write to me a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all

the work of more than 6,000 employees, and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept I want to know it.

My permanent address is Executive Offices, Hotels Statler Co., Inc., Buffalo.

E. M. Statler

HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO: 1100 rooms, 1100 baths. Niagara Square. The old Hotel Statler (at Washington and Swan) is now called Hotel Buffalo; and the old Iroquois Hotel is closed, not to re-open.
CLEVELAND: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Euclid, at E. 12th.
DETROIT: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Grand Circus Park.
ST. LOUIS: 650 rooms, 650 baths. Ninth and Washington.
BOSTON: Now preparing to build at Columbus Ave., Providence and Arlington Sts.

STATLER and Statler-operated HOTELS

Hotel Pennsylvania New York

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On Seventh Avenue, 32d to 33d Streets, directly opposite the Pennsylvania Railway Terminal. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

Every room in these hotels has private bath and running ice-water; in every room is posted its rate, printed in plain figures.



Each cigarette stays perfect in this package until you smoke it

There is hardly anything more perfect than the cigarettes rolled by the marvelous modern machines with which all great cigarette factories are equipped.

That is, they are perfect when they come from the machines and practically as perfect when they reach the smoker.

But what about the final five of a package of twenty, after the package has become crushed in the pocket, and the tail-ends thrown crosswise and generally tangled up? Or how about those that wander out of the package into the pocket?

Twenty-five per cent of the once perfect cigarettes in the ordinary container are apt to end up flattened, bent, broken, and in a generally disreputable condition.

So, buying twenty cigarettes, you may get fifteen perfect ones, and five in various states of damage.

The new and improved Reedsdale container was designed to deliver twenty perfect cigarettes to the package whenever and wherever you smoke them. Number twenty is as perfect as number one.

It is, to the best of our knowledge and belief, the one package that preserves both aroma and form. This is because the inner air-tight wrapping is enclosed in an outer box that is light and comfortable in the pocket, yet adequate to preserve the cigarettes in perfect shape.

Suppose you try your first package of Reedsdales just to get this 100% insurance feature, and then see if the connoisseur-blend of fine tobaccos does not prove an equally happy revelation to you.

Popularly priced

Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for a package of twenty. They are now sold by many tobacco dealers and their distribution is being rapidly extended.

If you have any difficulty in finding them we will send you a carton of 5 packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes (100 cigarettes) postpaid for a dollar. Smoke one package at our risk. If you don't like them, return the four remaining packages and we will refund your dollar. Address Reed Tobacco Co., 112 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Reedsdale Cigarettes, Reed Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a carton containing one hundred or two hundred Reedsdale Cigarettes for the same price you would pay the jobber.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



An African Order

In Paris they tell a story of a man who had been awarded, for some indirect service, the African order of Labasksi-Tapo, the king of a certain country in Africa, with which the French had come much in contact. The Frenchman was greatly delighted and immediately went to a member of the ministry to obtain the necessary permission to wear the decoration of this foreign order.

The minister hemmed and hawed a little. "Do you know what the decoration consists of?" he asked.

"Certainly," the gentleman answered. "It is a beautiful ring of gold, from which is suspended a calumet enamelled in red. I demand the authorization to wear it."

"Certainly you can wear it, but it must be worn, in order to be lawful, exactly as the members of the order in Africa wear it."

"And how is that?"

"In the nose!"—*London Opinion.*

The Rich Indian

A young Englishman, who had come over and secured a position in a Canadian bank, at the end of his first month said to the manager:

"I see local Indians are among our largest depositors."

"Yes, we have some very nice accounts among our Indian citizens."

The young clerk pointed to a box.

"I suppose I might as well get rid of that."

"What does it contain?"

"Glass beads I brought over to trade to the Indians for furs."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Dialect Story

The Norse handmaiden said to her mistress: "Ay vent to das movie last night" (note the careful preservation of the dialect). The lady of the house inquired: "'Scaramouche?" And the girl said—this is a scream: "No, not ver' mooch."

—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*



"DON'T DENY IT. I SAW YOU KISSING THE COOK."

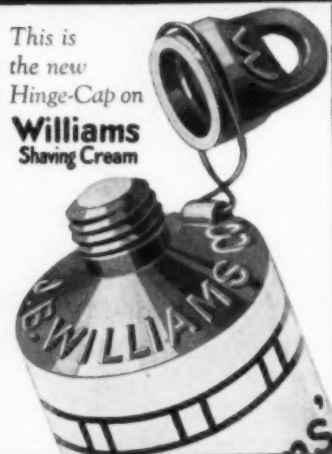
"AH—BUT IT WASN'T THE WOMAN IN HER I KISSED; IT WAS THE CULINARY EXPERT."

—*Klods-Hans (Copenhagen).*

It can't get lost It can't get lost

You'll like it!

This is the new Hinge-Cap on Williams Shaving Cream



It can't get lost It can't get lost

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Mah Jong

The popular and fascinating game

Complete set, consisting of 144 Tiles, 116 Counters, Dice, Racks, rules, playing directions and perpetual score card, sent Postpaid on receipt of \$1. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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Dealers and Agents Write.

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"OLD TOWN CANOES" are patterned after real Indian models. The graceful lines make for speed and easy handling. "Old Town" construction has added great strength. And "Old Town Canoes" are low in price. \$64 up. From dealer or factory.

The new 1924 catalog is beautifully illustrated. It shows all models in full colors. Write for your free copy to-day.

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BELL-ANS
FOR
INDIGESTION
25 CENTS

BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

LIFE'S War Prize Contest

(Continued from page 11)

Spanish dancers to their proper stamping ground.

9. War with Canada: Let all patriotic scofflaws get together and isolate Canada economically.

10. Civil war: Prosecute everybody mixed up in the Teapot Dome scandal. Couldn't you make it \$100,000?

EDMUND J. KIEFER,
42 Johnson Street,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Foreign Exchange

In a nutshell—announce to the world that at noon of April 30, the United States will exchange, at pre-the-previous-war rates, American dollars for the entire currency of the nation first fighting its way into Washington. This will, of course, plunge every nation but America into desperate warfare.

On the instant America decides which nation is the winner, she, in turn, will find herself at war with all the world save the nation in whose favor she decides.

A day or two later the winner will turn against America because of the failure of the latter to pay six years' interest on the funds won.

ARNOLD MARTIN,
41 State Street,
Rochester, N. Y.

Att. Mr. Atkins

SEND Col. Forbes to England to establish a Veterans' Bureau.

THOMAS S. GREAVES,
511 Henry Clay Avenue,
New Orleans, La.

Complete Prescription

IMPORT ten thousand Reds from Russia, reduce wages to the pre-war scale, sell our Merchant Marine to England, scrap the rest of the Navy, lift the ban on immigration, elect Eugene V. Debs President of the United States, appoint Wizard Simmons Ambassador to Rome, force Ford to rebuild Palestine, send Gimlet-Eye Butler and his henchmen to clean up Paris, make Giff Pinchot take a drink with Pussyfoot Johnson, give all island possessions their independence, order the French out of Germany, put Bok's peace plan into effect, ask Johnny Bull who won the war and then make faces at Japan.

O'NEIL GOODWIN,
211 Federal Trust Building,
Beaver Falls, Pa.

Free Verse

If you are really in earnest
About having the best war
We ever had
Then
Take every cent
Over \$28,000
From them what has it
And
Give it to them
What hasn't
Pro rata
Per diem
You'd be surprised
And killed
So would we

ALONZO JONES,
154 Monitor Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.



There's no economy
in buying twice to
go the distance that
one General Cord
will take you ~



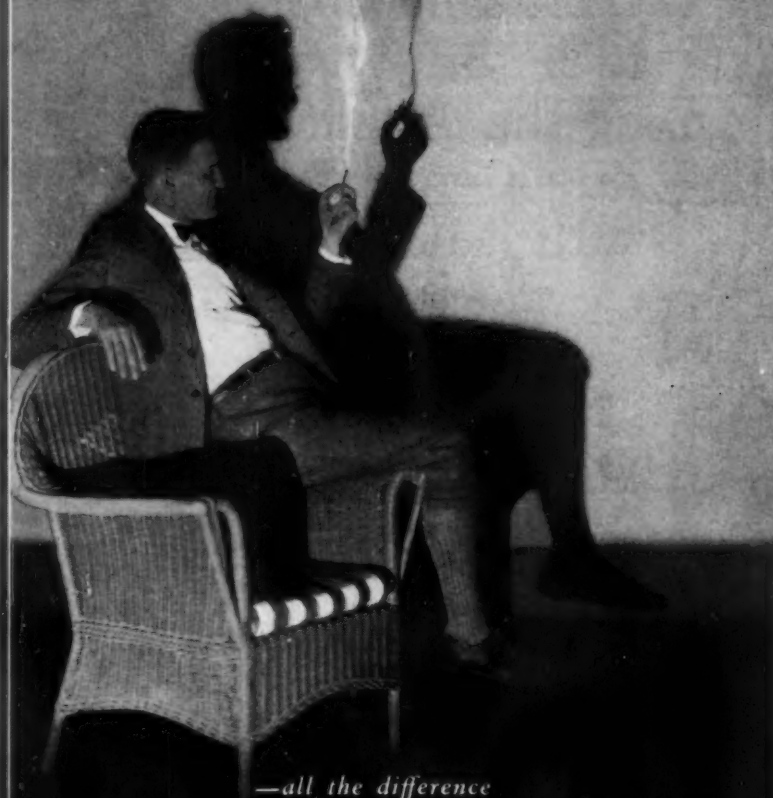
Ride on the tire
that runs with less air

The
GENERAL
CORD

—goes a long way to make friends

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

"What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make!"



—all the difference
between just an ordinary cigarette
and—FATIMA, the most skillful
blend in cigarette history.

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BILTMORE
MADISON AVE., 43rd TO 44th STREETS
NEW YORK

Tea in the Palm Room

*Dancing in
the Supper Room*

JOHN McE. BOWMAN
President

Why Is It When I Visit in the Country That—

It is impossible to turn off the steam
heat in my bedroom?

The host has lost the key to the wine
cellar?

The cook is threatening to leave?

I am singled out to amuse the little
ones?

Some one invariably hides all the
matches?

The conversation during dinner con-
sists solely of picking the neighbors to
pieces?

I lose all my spare cash at bridge or
Mah Jong?

The previously arranged telegram re-
calling me home never arrives?

The train back to town always leaves
at some unearthly hour in the morning?

C. G. S.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 6)

Blood" and found therein the neatest
compliment a man can pay: You are the
only woman I wouldn't be bored with—
when I wasn't making love to her.

April
5th

A great company of men
to lunch with Sam, so I
did not go to table, de-
scending to the library when they fell
to cards to enjoy their society vicari-
ously over my magazines, but Lord!
there were soon such great clouds of
smoke in the place that I felt like
Brunhild abandoned on her rock, and
crept out through the fumes to regain
my own apartments. And there my
servant Emilie did entreat me, as is her
wont of late when she discovers me
unpreoccupied, to permit her to cut off
my hair against the oncoming summer,
but I would not, and I do pray that I
remain firm in this matter, which has
been the Waterloo of many a contem-
porary with more strength of character
than I...Casting up my accounts for
March, I do unexpectedly find myself
solvent, for which I thank God.

Baird Leonard.

Perfectly True

THERE was no other place to put
The pussy-willows into but
A bowl with tulips at their foot.

And then a breathless thing occurred—
The red and yellow tulips stirred
To stroke them, and the pussies purred!

V. W. M.

AFTER the novelty of owning a
dinosaur egg wears off Colgate stu-
dents are pretty sure to revert to the
old-fashioned new-laid variety.

They all say

GLOVER'S does the Business

Wherever you go you hear men and women say
"There's nothing like Glover's for Dandruff and
falling hair. It surely does the business."
For 36 years Glover's has been making friends
by the thousands, all over the world. If you are a
dandruff sufferer, if your hair is falling out, ask for
Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine at any good drug
store and use exactly as directed.

Write for Free Booklet "Treatise on the
Hair and Scalp," by H. Clay Glover,
originator of the Glover Medicines.

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AFTER SHAVING
massage freely with
cooling, healing
Mentholum**

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30 to 80 days, \$425 and up. Sailings from May to September. These Tours are planned by skilled experts with over thirty years of successful experience. Write for booklet N-7.

GATES TOURS—Founded 1892

"World Travel at Moderate Cost"

225 Fifth Avenue, New York
London Paris Rome

Geog. Exam

(For Would-be Song Writers)

1. BOUND Dixie.
2. Plot graph extending from Virginia to North Pole, showing how Dixie enthusiasm increases with northward retrogression; from the Mason and Dixon Line.
3. How far east of Third Avenue is Russia?
4. What portion of the globe produces (a) the best shacks? (b) levees? (c) mammals? (d) the most uncopyrighted melodies?
5. When did George M. Cohan discover America?
6. Name five euphonic rivers hitherto unexploited by the lyricist.
7. From what countries do the following come: (a) Gazotskies; (b) Ukuleles; (c) Oompahs; (d) Oolalahs?
8. Plot one all-liquor route from New York to Los Angeles for a thirsty song-plugger.
9. When it's night-time in Italy, what o'clock is it in America (a) by Eastern Standard Time? (b) by Daylight-Saving Time?
10. Circumscribe the globe with names of fifty million-copy sellers.

C. B. E.

SMALL ELIZABETH (in the country):
But how does a hen know when she has laid a dozen eggs?

Laugh and Learn!

Even expert auction players are buying

WEBSTER'S BRIDGE

H. T. WEBSTER AND WILLIAM JOHNSTON



for the sound advice it gives on how to win at the game.

The Ideal Bridge Prize!

Price, \$1.00 everywhere

STOKES, Publisher

Why Teeth Shine Now

People combat the film



You see prettier teeth wherever you look today. They are cleaner, safer than the teeth of old.

Make this delightful test and learn how people get them.

The cloud is film

You feel on your teeth a viscous film. Under old methods, much of it clings and stays. Soon it discolors and forms dingy coats, then teeth lose their luster

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combantant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent
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The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists
the world over,

Film is the teeth's great enemy, so dental science long sought ways to fight it. Two ways were found, and proved out by many careful tests. One disintegrates the film, the other removes it without harmful scouring.

Then a new-type tooth paste was created to apply these methods daily. The name is Pepsodent. Now millions of people of some 50 nations employ it, largely by dental advice.

Watch its effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, also its starch digestant. Thus it gives manifold power to the agents which fight starch and acids in the mouth.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disapp. ar.

The results will amaze and delight you. They will bring a new conception of what clean teeth mean. Cut out coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free¹⁸⁵³

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 942, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

.....
.....
Only one tube to a family.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of LIFE, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1st, 1924. State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared LeRoy Miller, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of LIFE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations. To wit: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Life Publishing Co., 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Charles Dana Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Louis Evan Shipman, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, LeRoy Miller, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. (2) That the owners are: Life Publishing Company, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Stockholders: Charles Dana Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Irene L. Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Langhorne Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; LeRoy Miller, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Nina LeRoy Miller, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Geo. W. Miller, 598 Madison

Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Edw. S. Martin, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; B. F. Provandie, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. LeRoy Miller. (Signature of business manager.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1924. (Seal) Henry A. Richter, Notary Public, New York County No. 92, New York Register No. 6085. My commission expires March 30th, 1926.

Aspirin

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Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Neuritis	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drug-gists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

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Life and Letters

(Continued from page 22)

tent. His endeavor to instill his ideals in the hearts and minds of his children, who face more worldly problems, is the source of what narrative interest there is. Frances, the daughter whom he adored, is a novelty in heroines. With most young women in modern fiction being nothing but leaves in the wind, it's refreshing to come across one who doesn't weaken.

In "The Gay Ones" (Century) Charles Hanson Towne has taken his own whack at the people who shut their eyes to the realities of life. He has had the intrepidity to start his story before our entrance into the war, and when I first found this out, I was inclined to say, "Ah-ah-ah-ah!" with the prohibitive intonation one uses in addressing a child to keep it from embarking on a disastrous enterprise. But Mr. Towne manages to extricate himself creditably enough by not diving too deep into the narrative sea. He has taken Long Island for his background and the swift week-ending set for his people. Bridge, jazz, intrigue and champagne on every page, and four worthwhile characters who shine out like good deeds in a naughty world furnish his story with its plot.

Diana Warwick.

Books Received

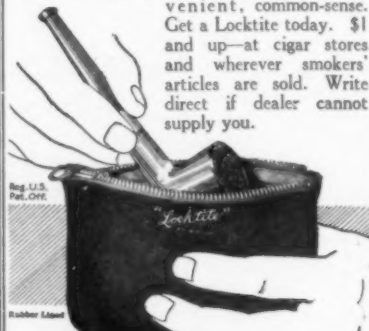
The Dear Pretender, by Alice Ross Colver (Penn Publishing Company).
Here Comes the Sun, by Emilie Loring (Penn Publishing Company).
The Man Without a Heart, by Ruby M. Ayres (Doran).
The Man Who Died Twice, by Edwin Arlington Robinson (Macmillan).
A Poet's Youth, by Margaret L. Woods (Boni & Liveright).
Guilt, by Henry James Forman (Boni & Liveright).
The Real Sarah Bernhardt, by Mme. Pierre Berton and Basil Woon (Boni & Liveright).
Authentic History of the Ku Klux Klan, by S. L. Davis (American Library Service).
I, the King, by W. W. Williams (Stokes).
Land o' Maize Folk, by J. G. Sigmund (James T. White & Company).
Punchinello, by James N. Rosenberg (Mitchell Kennerley).
The Three Fountains, by Stark Young (Scribner).
Westward Hoboes, by Winifred Hawkrig Dixson (Scribner).
John Citizen's Job, by Henry H. Curran (Scribner).
Skylines and Horizons, by Du Bose Heyward (Macmillan).
From Whitman to Sandburg in American Poetry, by Bruce Weirick (Macmillan).

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Pipe Smokers' Friend

LOCKTITE makes it easy to fill pipe without spilling tobacco. Most practical pouch you ever saw. Ingenious top opens or closes at simple pull on tab. Compact, convenient, common-sense. Get a Locktite today. \$1 and up—at cigar stores and wherever smokers' articles are sold. Write direct if dealer cannot supply you.



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Avoid Imitations

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Read

LIFE

every week and enjoy its fun. A Good Laugh is sure medicine for many an ill!

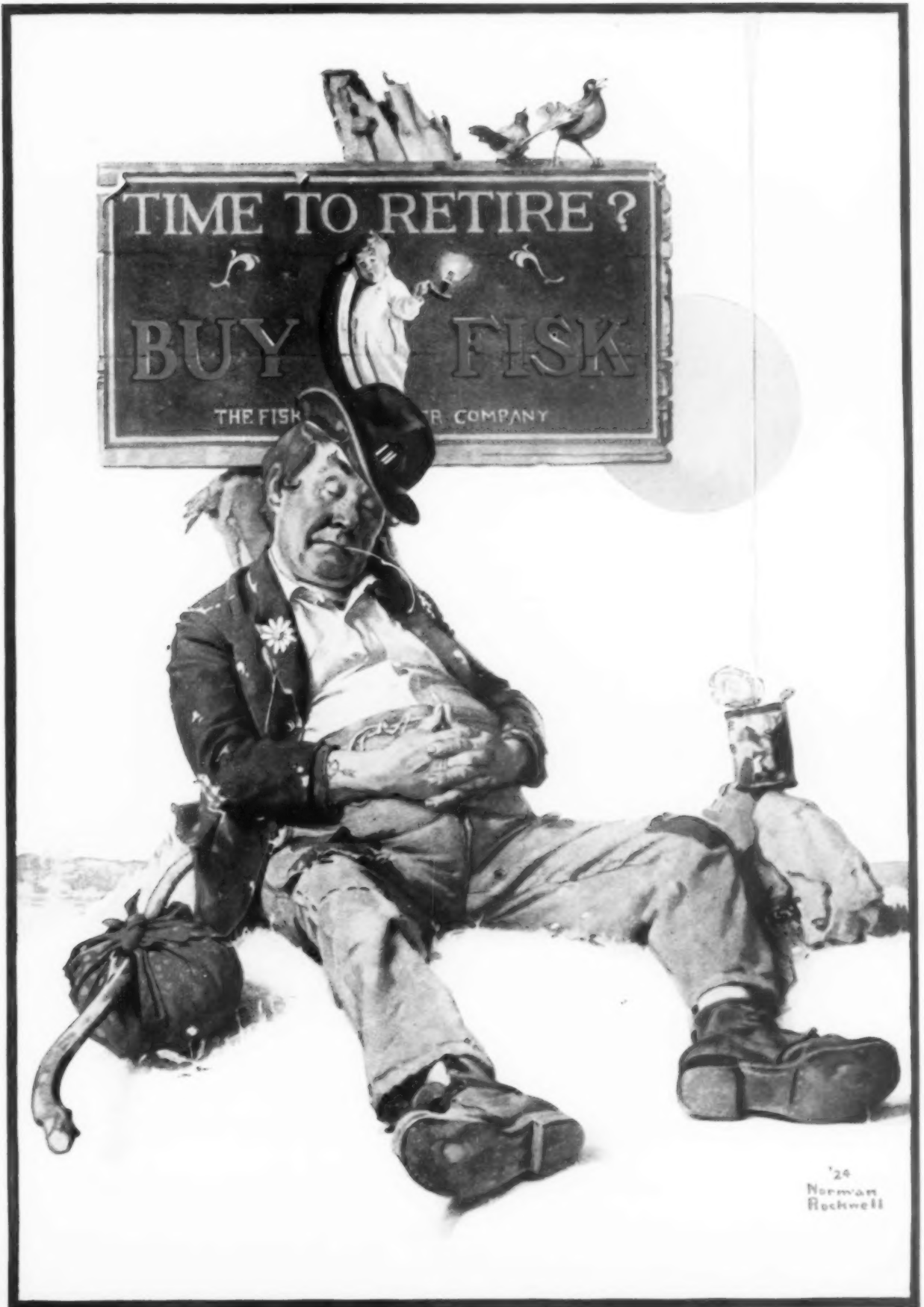
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Canadian, \$5.80
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'24
Norman
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WHAT the vacuum cleaner is to the broom, an IDEAL Boiler is to an old-fashioned heating plant.



Painted for the American Radiator Company by Heien Dryden; © ARCO, 1924

Are you still in the broom age down cellar?

THE BROOM was all right until the vacuum cleaner came along.

But many a home that has every modern convenience upstairs, is still in the broom-age down cellar, tolerating an old-fashioned heating plant that devours coal in wasteful gulps.

Remember this: The IDEAL TYPE A Boiler is just as big an improvement in heating, as the vacuum cleaner is in cleaning. It is dustless, gasless and so economical that it pays for itself in the fuel it saves.

Take a piece of paper and figure what you have spent for coal in the last year. Take one-third of that and you will have approximately the amount that the IDEAL TYPE A will save you next winter, and every winter—a neat sum, isn't it?

There is a particular IDEAL Boiler for every size and kind of home. All you need to remember are these good words:

IDEAL BOILERS and AMERICAN RADIATORS *save coal*

Your Heating Contractor is our Distributor

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

104 W. 42d Street, New York

816 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Dept. 85

HANDSOME as a limousine, the IDEAL TYPE A has made thousands of cellars a livable part of the house. Let it dress up *your* cellar and pay for the improvements in the fuel it saves. Send to either address below for the illustrated booklet describing it.

